

Animal Friends.

Animals in captivity must often suffer the pangs of loneliness. Robbed of their freedom, robbed of their friends, condemned to pace within the confines of a narrow cage, they have little compensation for the loss of liberty. Pathetic instances are told of strange friendships between animals in captivity.

A curious incident occurred in New Orleans some years ago, when a bear was lowered into the cage of an old African lion. The keepers supposed it would be torn to pieces, and many people assembled to see the barbarous exhibition.

The bear at once assumed the offensive, and rushed at the lion, but to the amazement of the onlookers the lion, hitherto regarded as extremely savage and dangerous, placed his paw upon the bear's head as if to express his pity, and tried to make friends with him.

Faking the bear under his protection, the lion suffered no one to approach the cage and did not sleep until he was exhausted, so closely did he watch over his new friend. He even allowed him to share his food. The two animals would lie down side by side, the lion usually with a protective paw over the bear. His delight in companionship was manifested unmistakably, and his captors were humane enough to let the two share the same cage.

The World's Supply of Coal.

As a result of the recent coal strike, considerable attention has been given to a re-examination of the area of the coal lands of the entire world. It is assumed that there will come a time when the last pound of coal will be taken from the ground, and the question is: What will mankind do for fuel when that time arrives? But that question need not perplex us at present. Experts estimate that the coal fields of China, Japan, Great Britain, Germany, Russia and India, contain apparently three hundred and three billion tons, which will last for four hundred and fifty years at the present rate of consumption. The supply in the United States and Canada, added to that in other parts of the world, would enable the human race to rely on coal for fuel for a thousand years. In ordinary times the United States leads in the production of coal, and previous to the strike was beginning to build up a splendid coal trade abroad. England stands next as a producer, and in the present stress is actually sending coal to the United States.

Bronchitis

"I have kept Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my house for a great many years. It is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds."

J. C. Williams, Attica, N. Y.

All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it also for bronchitis, consumption, hard colds, and for coughs of all kinds.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

FOUR FREE FRIENDS FOR FARMERS

Our money winning books, written by men who know, tell you all about

Potash

They are needed by every man who owns a field and a plow, and who desires to get the most out of them.

They are free. Send postal card.

GERMAN KALI WORKS

95 Nassau Street, New York

IT PAYS TO WRITE FOR CATS & SPECIAL BATES FOR GRADUATES OR MONEY RETURNED BY PAYMENT

MASSEY BUSINESS COLLEGE

BIRMINGHAM, ALA. RICHMOND, VA. HOUSTON, TEX. COLUMBUS, GA.

RIPANS

After I would eat a meal I would be suddenly taken with such terrible cramps that I would have to walk over, and I would have to loosen my clothes. It would be a couple of hours before I would obtain relief. One day I heard about Ripans Tablets, and since I have taken a couple of the 5-cent boxes I have not had a single attack.

At druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 50 cents, contains a supply for a year.

PASSING OF THE OLD MAID

NOW SO SCARCE AS TO HAVE RISEN IN VALUE
—WHAT SHE WAS AND WHAT HER SUCCESSOR IS.

By OLIVE F. GUNBY.

THE old maid in the sense of the typical home-body, filling a distinct niche in the nation's households, is passing from among us, giving way to the bachelor woman, with her own peculiar aspirations and established interests. Even now the genuine old maid is so scarce as to have risen in value. In another generation or so she will have become extinct, and there will be only a garbled likeness of her—certainly not one that does her justice—preserved to posterity. In future times the story of woman's first decampment from the home circle will sound in students' ears as the tales of the ancients sound now to us—interesting, romantic, but very remote from current issues.

It will be told how, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, a maiden Eve in the sheltered home garden, all unblemished and sound of heart, got inkling of a strangely sweet fruit called independence. How she tasted it, and finding it good, told her sisters about it. She told her brothers and brother-in-law about it also, and they smiled indulgently. Independence—yes, it was a pretty good thing. The fruit of a tree whose tap-root reached back to creation. It agreed with men splendidly, but it was doubtful how it would do for women.

What did women want with it, anyhow? They had love, shelter, protection. Even influence and reverence had been accorded to them, and now they must cast eye upon an exclusively man's prerogative, clearly not meant for them. And the men of the day, so the tale will continue, took counsel together as to how the women folk had contrived to get hold of this peculiarly man's benefit. Had some man turned traitor in a doting moment and let on to sister or sweetheart as to the wonderful qualities of independence? Or was the discovery just some new phase of that marvelous intuition that lurked in the feminine make-up.

But however the new idea started, it must be stopped before mischief ensued. In the first place there was not enough of the fruit to go around if woman dipped into it. As it was, even with the entire stock kept for the sterner sex some man had to put up with a very small share. It must be explained to woman that the after-taste of independence was bad and lessened the pleasure in things woman had heretofore delighted in. That a continual diet of it induced coarse tastes, developed an understanding of money matters for one thing and a clear-sightedness and critical faculty that ill comported with feminine charms.

What chance would man have with woman if she brought too close criticisms to bear on him? What cherished beliefs and rapturous experiences were threatened if woman got any nearer in likeness to man than she was then—she who had been brought up to revere the being masculine with all unquestioning faith in his powers and superiority?

No. A taste of independence might be well enough for woman's regalement on occasion. Just sufficient to jolly her along, and that taste judiciously mixed with other ingredients. But for daily commons it was too stimulating for the feminine constitution.

Well, the arguments were sounded, the protests reiterated. But woman's day had come. She slipped off her domestic habits and traditions as naturally as the bud slips its sheaths when the moment is ripe, and made for the opportunities that opened with an energy and enthusiasm that caused her critics first to stare, then applaud, then help her.

And thereupon all over the land was heard the snapping of family ties and the air settling into hundreds and hundreds of vacant spaces in household economy. This will be the story of woman's enfranchisement—particularly of the single woman—portrayed in social history many years hence; and coupled with it will be reminiscences of the sort of person the old maid was before she developed business capacity—how she had a talent for mending, darning, comforting and soothing, the like of which never was secured to man's household after her taking away; how she cared for the little folks of what-ever household sheltered her with an unflinching loyalty that was tenderness itself and knit in with the very marrow of her being.

In fact, staunch loyalty and disinterestedness will be the chief traits of the old-style old maid preserved to posterity. Now it was a niece upon whom she lavished her affection, turning over to this niece whatever store of money she possessed, and abdicating every slightest right to spend her own means on herself. Again, it was in a cousin's home that she shone a vital influence, so ever-present and to be depended upon that her ministrations were counted as much a matter of course as the sun's rising and setting. Now she was volunteer foster-mother in a sister's household, coddling and doing for a succession of infants in the family cradle, and so leaving the mother freer for social and connubial duties. And whatever she did she did uncommonly well, with a thoroughness

that could only come of genuine love for the task.

There will probably never be in the world again such beautifully executed sewing lavished on homely garments as the old maid bestowed on the plain little everyday articles worn by her charges. Such print-like stitches, such even-to-a-thread sewing. Let more enterprising people design and make the new raiment and appurtenance for the family; hers the self-elected task of keeping the partly worn articles in repair. Making whole the torn, but soft, comfortable things such a boon to children. The old maid could mend a tablecloth so that you couldn't tell where the piece was put in. She could rub up a mustard plaster to perfection in the quickest possible time. And bind up a hurt finger and heal any irritation to the feelings in a way that was an art. Besides, she had a genius for keeping track of the things in a household apt to go astray. The master's papers, the children's toys, premium receipts, etc.

In many regards, however, she was absurdly in the wake of her self-reliant sister of to-day. Very timid about travelling alone. Apt to get all over in shivers at the sight of a mouse or a bat. And as for outside affairs! She never would have dreamed of endorsing a check, or of going to a bank, or having any money transactions whatever without masculine assistance. In fact, she looked upon checks and all business papers with awe as entirely out of her world. It is doubtful if in her whole life she ever bought a railway ticket or any other ticket for herself, or made even the smallest purchase without consulting somebody.

In her clinging dependence the old maid was a tame sort of creature compared to her bachelor sister. A character something akin to Thackeray's Amelia, with the heart quality for a dominating characteristic. Formed on neutral, almost negative, lines, with unobtrusiveness and unselfishness so welded in together that it took familiar acquaintance to appreciate her real worth. The old maid living under the protection of a male relative would have scorned to ask or receive pay for her services as ardently as the bachelor woman nowadays would scorn the giving of her work for nothing. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," is the bachelor's belief, and the difference between her creed and the old maid's is in the nature of the compensation. The old maid took out her pay in love—love that she lavished without thought of return. And the value of her ministrations, even if summed up entire, could certainly never have been paid for in any coin ever devised.

The old maid believed in man as a natural authority and ruler much more firmly than the bachelor maid believes in him to-day. Probably because the clear, every-day light in which the latter meets her co-worker tends to divest him of exalted attributes. There was always some mystery about the old maid's singleness. Some sense of suppressed romance or half-strangled attachment in the undercurrent of her life. Her lover died, or else never knew she loved him, or was a truant. A more worldly nature would have known how to rectify matters and have reared a new shrine at which to worship. Not so the old maid. Once attached, always attached. It might have been that there was not enough of earthly alloy about her to attract man's fancy. But, be that as it may, what was the individual loss in this instance was the universal gain. It would have been woful indeed to have lost in marriage that ideal of single blessedness as it developed while "on the shelf," occupied quietly in the all unnoted routine of commonplace duty. —New York Post.

Japanese Proverbs.

The Japanese do not expect to gather grapes from thorns nor figs from thistles; but they phrase our thoughts somewhat differently. They say: "The spawn of frogs will become nothing but frogs."

We have a saying: "Despise not the day of small things;" their "Famous words are made of iron scrapings" is much more picturesque.

The idea of our "All lay the load on the willing horse" they express by "Those who know the ropes do most of the hauling." While our commonplace "Out of evil good may come" finds with them a fine poetical expression in "The lotus springs from the mud;" and in point of poignancy our "Adding insult to injury" is vastly inferior to their "Rubbing salt on a sore."

The Japanese have some really fine sayings worthy of universal acceptance, such as "Thine own heart makes the world," or "The poet at home sees the entire universe," or "The throne of the god is on the brow of a righteous man."

Their nice observance of manners is evidenced by sayings such as "Excess of politeness becomes impoliteness;" their national suspiciousness in the like of "Don't trust a pigeon to carry grain," and the handy man's abhorrence of a bungler finds expression in numerous quips such as "Learning to swim in a field" or "Scratching the foot with the shoe on."

A Rain of Bats.

"During my sea life I have experienced many kinds of showers," said the captain of an English steamer, "but it remained for me to feel the effect of a rain of bats on the trip down the coast from New York to Baltimore. One night, when about ten miles off the Delaware, we were suddenly being struck in the face and on our heads and sometimes on our bodies by myriads of birds, as we supposed. We were not long, finding out that the attack was from bats of bats, if I may apply that term. It was with difficulty that those on deck could protect themselves from injuries from their sharp, finlike wings as they flew about in all directions. We ran out of the flock during the night, but next morning we captured a number on deck, where they had fallen exhausted. I took up one which had under its wing an infant bat which it had carried far out to sea, and during the time it was beating about our decks against the rigging, beats and smokestack this tiny infant had held on and fallen with its exhausted parent to the deck. I shall try to raise the pair, and also several others. I doubt if there is anybody who can boast of such a queer capture and has the idea of making pets of them. I shall look up natural history and seek some plan to preserve their lives and see what will be the result."

Making Fuel from Peat.

A stock company to make fuel from peat is being formed in Maine. The officers of the company say that they have succeeded in producing a fuel that they call coal, and that has a heating value that is slightly greater than soft coal. They say that there are almost inexhaustible supplies of this peat in nearly all the New England States. The Massachusetts report of the Geological Survey, says: "In nearly fifty towns of eastern Massachusetts, taken as a fair average of its quantity in other towns and other countries, it would follow that eighty thousand acres, or one hundred and twenty-five square miles, are covered with peat, having an average thickness of six feet. This area and depth would yield not far from two hundred million tons." There are also large deposits of it in New York and some in Pennsylvania.

Generally Used.

A discussion has been started in Germany, urging that German children drop the words "mama" and "papa" in favor of "Mutter" (mother) and "Vater" (father). "How," say they, "can anybody prefer the unmeaning 'mama' to the deep and impressive 'Mutter'? Nothing can replace for a German the word 'Mutter,' certainly not the French 'mama.' A certain philologist, however, asks how it can be suggested that the word 'mama' is derived from the French, seeing that it is probably to be found in all languages of the world. In the numerous dialects of Africa, and in India, the word for mother is 'mama,' which is given as a title of honor to every elderly dame deserving of esteem and respect. 'Mama' and 'papa' (baba) are so generally used in all parts of the world that they probably date back some thousands of years."

Simple, everyday honesty with ourselves and with the world, in thought, speech and conduct, is one of the greatest forces that make for noble character. Be honest, and all of life's sorest grief will pass you by.

There are plenty of people who have become depressed and discouraged, because that dry, hacking cough hangs to them continually. They have taken much medicine, and have not been helped. Nothing like Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, the discovery of a then noted German physician 60 years ago. We do not say that this will cure a case where the lungs are badly diseased, for it will not, and up to this date there is nothing that will cure under these conditions. On the other hand, if the lungs are not hard hit, the patient should take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Breast Tea, a cup full every night on going to bed, have it hot, drink slowly, then every other night rub the throat and top portion of the lungs with St. Jacobs Oil, cover with oil silk, let it remain an hour, then remove. Eat good, plain, nourishing food, live in the open air as much as possible. By all means sleep as near out of doors as possible, that is, windows wide open, except in the very severe weather. Take a cold sponge bath every morning; then immediately rub the body vigorously with a coarse towel. Take Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops every other day according to directions. One can pay the three remedies for \$3.25 of any reliable druggist. Begin the treatment at once, and see how much better you will be almost within a week's time.

Twenty years ago England imported 20,000 horses annually; now the number is 324,000.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Circulars sent free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Coke, a by-product in the manufacture of gas, has increased twenty per cent. in price in five years.

A 50-Cent Calendar for Six Cents.

If you want one of the handsomest calendars you ever saw, send 6 cents postage to the Boston Rubber Shoe Co., Calendar Dept., 9 Murray St., New York. It is 10x20 inches, printed in 12 colors, and a perfect beauty. There are lots of calendars sold for 50 cents nowhere near as pretty.

The spilled milk of human kindness is the only kind worth crying over.

FITNESS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Trial bottle of free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 911 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Chicago women have just discovered that dew baths are good for the complexion.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

A fine ostrich is calculated to yield \$2500 worth of feathers.

Jamaica Pina's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago. —Mrs. Thomas Robinson, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1909.

A Viennese stamp collector recently sold his stamps for nearly \$40,000.

THE SON OF EX- U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND

Commends Peruna to All Catarrh Sufferers.



Hon. Lewis E. Johnson is the son of the late Reverdy Johnson, who was United States Senator from Maryland, also Attorney-General under President John and United States Minister to England, and who was regarded as the greatest constitutional lawyer that ever lived.

In a recent letter from 1006 F Street, N. W., Mr. Johnson says:

"No one should longer suffer from catarrh when Peruna is accessible. To my knowledge it has caused relief to so many of my friends and acquaintances, that it is humanity to commend its use to all persons suffering with this distressing disorder of the human system." —Lewis E. Johnson.

Catarrh Poisons.

Catarrh is capable of changing all the life-giving secretions of the body into scalding fluids, which destroy and inflame every part they come in contact with. Applications to the places affected by catarrh can do little good save to soothe or quiet disagreeable symptoms. Hence it is that gargles, sprays, atomizers and inhalants only serve as temporary relief. So long as the irritating secretions of catarrh continue to be formed so long will the membranes continue to be inflamed, no matter what treatment is used.

There is but one remedy that has the de-

sirable effect, and that remedy is Peruna. This remedy strikes at once to the roots of catarrh by restoring to the capillary vessels their healthy elasticity. Peruna is not a temporary palliative, but a radical cure. Send for Dr. Hartman's latest book, sent free for a short time. Address The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus, Ohio.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Every conquered difficulty puts a new tool into the worker's hands. His powers grow and thrive in the process. Many persons look with envy upon men who seem to accomplish with ease whatever comes to them. Usually, however, if their past lives could be unfolded, there would be a full record of labor, perseverance, energy, and patience that had dealt with one difficulty after another, until each was vanquished.

Happiness falls to our share in separate detached bits; and those of us who are wise content ourselves with those broken fragments.

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